

South Carolina's Newsweekly

OSCEOLA

June 8, 1978

24 Pages

The rich man's game

Politics isn't for the average man

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Tom McElveen plays Don Quixote running for the U.S. Senate.

This week ...

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With the cost of running for office going up like wildfire, maybe we had better reacquaint ourselves with the word "plutocracy."

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Beegie Truesdale says she doesn't want to bask in Pug's light, and state legislators get a taste of what they've been doing to people for years.

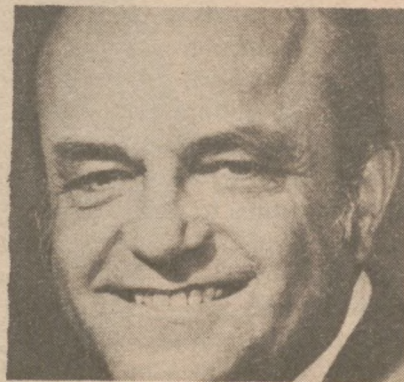


Tom Smith

He has friends

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It's very hush-hush, but everyone knows it goes out in the final days before elections. Also, the GOP race is too close to call.



Ed Young

Can a nice guy win?

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This week we examine what it means, this ridiculous rise in the cost of running for public office. Can an average joe make it any more? What does this say about where politics is heading?

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Who are they, these despoilers of the environment? The S.C. League of Conservation Voters releases its list of "dirty" and "clean" legislators.

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While others rave over Tennessee William's new play which premiered at Spoleto, OSCEOLA's critic has some reservations.

Opinion

Commentary on politics

BY VAL STIEGLITZ

Ah, plutocracy

The dictionary defines plutocracy as government by the wealthy. When it costs half a million dollars to run for governor in South Carolina and a cool million to run for U.S. Senate, even timid souls must begin to wonder whether the plutocrats have taken over.

Just look at the sums of money people running for office in this state - a poor, geographically small and relatively unpopulated state - are spending.

For the singular honor of parading around the state Senate in a purple robe, Horace Smith is dishing out \$117,000. Tom Smith, also lusting after the office of Lt. Governor, has raised \$82,000 so far. Nancy Stevenson, the third person in the race, has convinced people to cough up \$41,000.

Now, there are plenty of good, sharp, well-meaning people in this state who couldn't raise this kind of money if their mother's lives depended on it. Which means one of two things, both pernicious in consequence; either only the rich can afford to run for office (witness Republicans Ed Young and Raymon Finch who, together, could just about retire the national debt) or, only those who hang out with the rich can afford to run (witness Strom Thurmond and, to a lesser degree, Pug Ravenel, who made invaluable financial contacts during his years on Wall Street.)

Neither of these cases is desirable. When only the rich can afford to go into politics, the rule of plutocracy is assured. The rich, as Fitzgerald noted, are not like us. For one thing, they don't have to worry about paying rent, the tires on their car or the holes in their shoes. For another, they are tied in, by virtue of wealth, to a network of pressures and interests which are essentially narrow, self-serving and exclusive in nature. The former point means they their sensitivities to the real concerns of real people are dulled. The latter means that on any given issue, their personal interests will square with the interests of a particular class - the class that controls the financial life of the country. When it comes to push and shove, a person of wealth will listen to a Manhattan banker before a migrant grape-picker.

Things are only slightly less rotten when candidates who aren't personally rich have to beg money from the rich in order to run. This means that, first, the candidate is beholden to those who put up the big bucks. Sure, they all say they're free and independent, but when the big boys shake their money any aspiring politician has to close his mouth to keep his tongue inside. There may not be any direct quid pro quo; I doubt very seriously that Ravenel has accepted any money with the clear understanding that he will support particular bills or cast specific votes. But when Pug thinks about his political future he has to be aware of the toes he can't stomp on, lest they tell him to look for money elsewhere. And this makes for a less independent voice.

Even more disturbing is the intangible part of the thing. In order to raise the kind of money Ravenel, Harvey, Tom Smith and others are raising, you have to be a part of a certain network. You have to know the right people who know the right people who can pull strings. You have to smooth. You have to round off

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Cheap Shots

Basking in your own light

Beegie Truesdale, Pug Ravenel's campaign manager, has a lot of faith in the sophistication of South Carolina politicians; so much so, that she committed herself to the Tom Smith campaign to the tune of \$1,500 with no fear that Horace Smith or Nancy Stevenson will hold it against Ravenel in November.

Tom Smith and Truesdale "go back a long way," in her words. She's frank about wanting him to be the state's next Lt. Governor.

She's also peeved that people might interpret her financial support for T. Smith as support by Ravenel for a candidate before the primary. "I'm not a Ravenel groupie," she says with considerable vigor. "I resent the implication that I'm an extension of Pug Ravenel, that I bask in his light and have no light of my own. I reserve the right to support anyone I choose to support."

That's fine, but is not the inevitable message to the public that the Ravenel camp

is taking sides in a primary election? After all, Ravenel worker Phil Noble, Marvin Chernoff associate Rick Silver and Marvin Chernoff made commitments to T. Smith in addition to the one by Truesdale. Total contributions by people associated with the Ravenel effort came to \$3,540. And, Pug himself gave T. Smith \$75.

That comes to a fair amount of money. And, it raises a number of questions. Obviously, no one expects a person to relinquish his or her personality when they join a political campaign. Although campaigns do seem to be havens for peculiar kinds of groupies, hangers-on and thrill seekers, it should not be a requisite that you become a mirror-image of your candidate.

But what about the political sense of pre-primary donations? Pug may not control the people who work for him, but will the public make this distinction? Won't it look like the Ravenel people are trying to scuttle H. Smith and Stevenson? And won't this affect the way they support Pug come November?

Truesdale thinks the average voter won't care who Pug's workers supported in the primaries. That is, if the average voter even knows who Beegie Truesdale is. She's probably right. But her assessment of how the politicians will react is a little less plausible.

As Pug is finding out, S.C. politicians have a highly developed capacity for

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Heard & Noted

Last-minute wisdom

Occasionally reliable and generally sober contacts in the political world having been milked of their wisdom, we offer these final comments on the primary elections near upon us:

If Bryan Dorn makes it into a run-off, he has a good chance of winning the Democratic nod for governor. There's a growing animosity between the Riley and Harvey camps. It is very possible that if Riley trails Harvey and Dorn, he will throw his weight behind the Greenwood Congressman, rather than Harvey.

In the race for Lt. Governor, liberal good guy Tom Smith seems to be in trouble. A surprising number of people say they're going to vote for "that lady" when asked about the race. Nancy Stevenson could win simply because she's the only candidate with any attribute that sticks in the voter's mind. In a ho-hum contest, wierd things can tilt the scale. Being nothing more than female will prove to be Stevenson's biggest asset.

Raymon Finch, who some see as a dangerous right-wing unguided missile, is closing fast with the kind of momentum that eats up whatever stands in the way. His direct mailing plus expensive TV advertising threatens to bury Ed Young's polite manner six feet under. Finch wants to finish the job Edwards started. This ought to make liberals, centrists, moderates and ordinary human-oriented people shiver.

Jeter is squirming

W.A. Jeter, Richland County auditor since 1962, is said to be facing stiff competition in the Democratic primary. Joe Bales, a member of the district 1 school board and Julius Crocker, an investment banker, are both trying hard to unseat Jeter. They appear to be making progress.

Many voters only have a hazy idea about what the auditor actually does. (He makes a record of all taxes.) It is the sort of race which may be reduced to nothing more than a name recognition contest. If so, it will be hard to call. After 16 years in office, Jeter is certainly familiar to the voters. Bales will be able to take advantage of his own name - recognition as well as that of his brother, county councilman Jimmy Bales. Crocker may not be as well-known but is believed to have a following out in the county.

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Phone 254-6053, 254-5507 -
business and editorial.

by Jill Abramson

The Governor's Race

Street money: who will use it?

Also, the GOP race is tight as a tick

by Jill Abramson

"It's a ho-hum, low interest election. The people are politically drained."

Carey Hopkins works for Bryan Dorn and has been trying to organize the black community for his candidate. From church gatherings to local political meetings, he has been frustrated by the lack of interest in the governor's race.

"There's a lack of interest in this election," says Robert Wider, President of the South Carolina Association of Minorities for Public Administration, "because the candidates aren't addressing the issues." Before Dick Riley entered to speak to the group, another SCAMPA member agreed, "Issues like financial disclosure just aren't getting the black community fired up."

In a primary race that has

failed to ignite the interest of the voters, turn-out is the biggest question mark and the most important issue of the campaign. Strategists like Carey Hopkins say the low-interest means a turn out "of not more than 30 per cent among black voters," and a primary where "the candidate who has the important endorsements and the organization to draw out his supporters, wins."

Others predict a low turnout among white voters and a proportionately higher turnout among black voters because of Jim Clyburn's presence on the ballot. "Clyburn is going to flush out the black vote and black voters are going to decide this election," says a veteran of many South Carolina Democratic primaries.

Competition for support in the black community has

been especially keen this year because the three Democratic candidates have each established respectable track records with black voters. In 1974, in 44 precincts with 90-100 per cent black voter registration, Dorn received nearly 95 per cent of the vote. In 1974, Harvey also ran extremely well among black voters and the media and the political exposure he has gained in the last four years have made him a familiar figure in the black community. Dick Riley's activist record in the area of civil rights makes him a trusted and popular candidate among black voters.

Each candidate has a staff member who is primarily responsible for organizing the black vote. Joe Grant, who successfully organized the black community for Harvey in 1974 is back on the job this year. Bill DeLoach, an

educator, is working full time as Riley's deputy campaign manager. Carey Hopkins is a statewide field coordinator for Bryan Dorn.

Harvey, Riley and Dorn have each spent a good deal of time campaigning among black voters. Last week,

Harvey attended a predominantly black barbeque in Georgetown. Riley was questioned at the bi-weekly luncheon meeting of SCAMPA (Harvey had been there the week before) and was scheduled to visit black

(Continued On Page 5)

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Statewide

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Only it better be a lot of money if you want to win

By Nancy Higgins

It has been a happy myth in the United States that we are governed by "the people." The theory, as any school child knows, is that all men are created equal and that anyone can grow up to be President, or at least a senator, governor, mayor or councilman.

A less rosy view of history shows that the Constitution was written by a group of lawyers, landowners and businessmen. They didn't have the slightest intention of letting wage earners or pioneers elect the President. Women and blacks couldn't vote at all.

Despite this auspicious beginning, most Americans still cherish the belief that we are a democracy, that voters, and not money, determine who wins an election. Only a very hardened cynic would argue that money alone can determine an election. On the other hand, it is becoming very difficult to win without lots of it. We have come a long way since Abraham Lincoln spent \$100,000 getting elected President.

Now, \$100,000 might see a South Carolina politician through a race for a minor state-wide office without a heavily contested primary. Candidates for the Democratic nomination for governor are expected to spend nearly \$1 million on the primary. John Durst, a spokesman for Brantley Harvey, estimates the Harvey campaign will cost between \$500,000 and \$600,000. Richard Riley's effort will run about \$300,000, Marion Brown, Riley's press aid, says. Bryan Dorn is running a "shoestring" campaign which will cost about \$80,000, an amount which would keep an average family in shoestrings, and everything else, for quite a while. Tom Turnipseed says he spent more than \$70,000 before he dropped out of the race.

Much of this money will go to reach voters through that little box in their living rooms. Turnipseed describes it as "the Ravenel syndrome of the media blitz." That catchy phrase ignores the effective way Gov. James B. Edwards used television in 1974. It is



Illustration by Ruth Johnson

also said that big money politics came to South Carolina before Marvin Chernoff did. But Pug Ravenel's gubernatorial campaign is believed to have been a watershed in politics in the state.

"It definitely was a demonstration of what a well-organized, well-financed, managed campaign can do,"

says Blease Graham, a member of the University of South Carolina political science faculty.

Before 1974, a traditional "friends and neighbors style of politics" was more common. Candidates depended on contact with local leaders who passed the word to voters.

Circuit Court Judge George Bell Timmerman was lieu-

tenant governor between 1947 and 1955 and governor between 1955 and 1959. During the 50's, he says, the candidates spoke in every county in the state, sometimes to as few as five or ten people. When he ran for lieutenant governor he didn't spend much more than the filing fee and the cost of literature and

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The demise of the average man

Tom McElveen's kind is a dying breed

by Nancy Higgins

"I've met the people," Tom McElveen says. "Mayors, councilmen, the poor, teachers, liquor store attendants. I've been with all of 'em."

"I talked to a lot of people before making a decision like this. I guess a lot of 'em would say I've been stupid but I believe in what I'm doing and I think I've benefited from it."

What McElveen is doing is running for the Democratic

nomination for the United States Senate. He is doing it without "media consultants," television commercials and political action committees. He is doing it with his own money, \$17,220 he and his wife saved for their children's college education.

The nerve of the man! Thinking he can run for a state-wide office in South Carolina in 1978 without having several hundred thou' tucked away in his campaign

account! You'd think McElveen believes we live in a democracy. he may even harbor the conviction elections can't be bought with flashy advertising. That poor, naive soul.

McElveen parked his camper in front of the state house in Columbia one afternoon last week and waited to talk to any voter who wandered by. perhaps because he can't afford paid advertising, he has taken advantage of

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Tom McElveen

The Governor's Race

Street money: who will use it?

(Continued From Page 3)

churches on Sunday. Dorn spent Sunday in church and campaigned among black veterans in Greenville.

They have all received important endorsements from black leaders. Harvey claims the support of McKinley Washington, the Cherokee County Ministerial Alliance, the Mt. Moriah Baptist Church in Spartanburg, and the official endorsement of several black mayors (Two of whom backed out later). Riley has been endorsed by the leaders of the South Carolina Legislative Black caucus, Bob Woods and Theo Mitchell. Hass Frazier, vice-chairman of the Democratic Party has also endorsed him. Civil rights activists Septima Clark and Zenobia Dixon are involved in the Riley effort. Several local branches of the NAACP are actively supporting Riley. Dorn commands the support of well-respected leaders such as Dr. I De Quincey Newman and President Nance of South Carolina State.

How important are these endorsements? Most observers agree that in small, rural areas the endorsement of the local minister or local political leader can be crucial. "In a lot of small towns," one campaign worker confided, "the minister is still the most respected member of the community. If he tells his congregation to vote for

someone, they'll follow him. In a lot of places, when the local leader hands out the guide ballots, the people are going to vote for the candidate whose name is checked off."

But in metropolitan areas, where voters are influenced by many factors, including the media, endorsements from community leaders do not translate into solid support among voters. In fact, people, including politicians, contend that the "black vote" doesn't exist as a unified bloc and that the black voter is as independent as any other. Jim Clyburn says, "The attitude that the black vote exists as a bloc vote has been encouraged by the press. If that were true," he says, "I wouldn't be campaigning as hard as I am in the black community."

"The black vote cannot be controlled," asserts Bill DeLoach, deputy campaign manager for Dick Riley. "Ministers are still influential, provided they're not on the pay-off. Lots of people are upset at seeing white money flooding into their communities to buy off the local leadership and there's a backlash against the bosses who are being bought-off."

DeLoach is talking about "street money," a subject so sensitive that it is rarely talked about in public. In their book *The Transformation of Southern Politics*, authors Bass and DeVries write on this subject:

"Statewide black

political leadership has included many people motivated by high ideals, a few venal brokers who sold and delivered to the highest bidders and all gradations in between. By the time Ravenel ran in 1974, he said he was told it would cost \$65,000 to 'deliver' the black vote. Such cash traditionally is distributed as 'gasoline' money, an undetermined amount of which goes into legitimate expenses of arranging car pools, distributing literature, and other campaign expenses. It is a subject seldom discussed publicly but the transfer of funds generally involves little or no accounting of expenditures and involves some understanding that the recipients will attempt to influence their followers in support of the donor. White candidates who speak in black churches traditionally place cash contributions in the collection plate and in some counties a minister perceived as influential by white politicians may get a new set of tires for his car."

In 1974, Pug Ravenel brought the seldomly discussed issue of street money into the open by refusing to pay any. This year, Dick Riley's campaign has raised the issue in similar terms. "We think it's morally wrong," says Bill DeLoach. "We're showing that Dick has integrity and that you can't buy votes anymore."

DeLoach says the Riley campaign will spend about \$5,000 statewide for telephone banks, car pools and other things necessary for organizing the black community. "These expenses are legitimate and they will be fully reported," says DeLoach, "This is the only way to maintain the integrity of the campaign and the integrity of the black vote," he says. "We've been able to put together a new kind of organization in the black community. We have volunteers who are out beating on doors. We've attracted the

(Continued On Page 17)

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PAID POLITICAL AD

Commentary on politics

(Continued From Page 2)

your rough edges and become...inoffensive and safe and just another clone of every other politician. No one can walk in off the farm and make a serious bid for high office, though he or she might be the most honest, sensitive and capable person in the world. If you ain't in the club and can't talk its language or ape its manners, forget it.

This is a more subtle form of plutocracy, a less overt means of limiting the choices we average people face on election day. And until the cost of running comes down to where any intelligent, determined and competent person can expect to secure the financial means, the public will continue to see the wealthy or their hired guns dominate the political marketplace.

It's too bad. That's not what democracy envisions. But it's the way things are today. And it's another reason why today's politics stinks.

Letters from our Readers

It was more than Spence and Stevenson

Dear Editor:

In reference to your article in the June 1 *OSCEOLA* regarding our press conference on candidates positions on the Richard B. Russell Dam and Lake Project; we certainly concur with your remarks made under the heading, "A Little Late," but think that they give an incomplete picture of the statements that we received — or did not receive.

To say, "Just for the record, two people running for state or federal office this year replied to a Coalition query on the dam by saying they hadn't made up their minds" gives the impression that Floyd Spence and Nancy Stevenson were the only two candidates to do so.

Actually, three other candidates for state or federal office gave us the same run-around, and five others did not consider the issue worthy of any reply at all, though we followed up our mailing with several phone calls.

Others replying that they

had not studied the issue sufficiently to take a stand were: Tom McElveen, candidate for U.S. Senate; B. E. Hadley, candidate for U.S. Congress - Second District and Colleen Yates, candidate for U.S. Congress - Fifth District.

Those not replying at all, either by mail or in response to our phone queries, were: John Jenrette, U.S. Congress, Sixth District; Candidates for Governor W. Brantley Harvey, Jr., Edward L. Young, and Raymond Finch (Mr. Finch's office told us that a reply had been mailed. We never received the reply and could not find out what stand he had taken.

Candidate for Lt. Governor, Thomas E. Smith, also did not reply.

As long time opponents of the Richard B. Russell Dam project, which we firmly believe to be contrary to the best interests of South Carolina, both in regard to economics and environment, we are relieved that the majority of the candidates were concerned enough to take

a stand on this costly project. To complete the picture, the following stated that they oppose the project: Pug Ravenel, Candidate for U.S. Senate; C.C. Wannamaker, Candidate for Congress - First District; Jack Bass, Candidate for Congress - Second District; Butler Derrick, U.S. Congress - Third District; Max Heller and Nick Theodore, Candidates for U.S. Congress - Fourth District (Carroll Campbell, another Fourth District Candidate, stated that he had opposed the project this far but feels that "it may have gone too far to defeat"); Ken Holland, U.S. Congress - Fifth District; Jeryl Best, Candidate for U.S. Congress - Sixth District; Richard W. Riley, Candidate for Governor, and John Stroud, Candidate for Lieutenant - Governor.

The following replied that they favor the project: John Bolt Culbertson, Tom Triplett and Senator Strom Thurmond, candidates for U.S. Senate; Mendel Davis and Benjamin Frasier, Candidates for U.S. Congress - First

District; Anthony Panuccio, Candidate for U.S. Congress - Third District; W. J. Bryan Dorn, Candidate for Governor, and Horace Smith, Candidate for Lieutenant - Governor.

Sincerely,
Katherine J. Gilbert
Issues Coordinator

Anti-nuke cooperation

Dear Editors:

I am writing in response to your column of 3 weeks ago entitled *It Ain't Grassroots*, referring to the Palmetto Alliance, sponsors of the protest/occupation of the Allied General Nuclear Services (AGNS) waste reprocessing plant in Barnwell last month. You correctly stated that Palmetto's plan was that everyone who was arrested at the plant should post a "Reasonable" bond of an amount to be decided upon by the consensus council.

They feared adverse local

reaction because of the financial strain it would have put on the county if we'd all stayed in jail. It is true that some who felt it was important to non-cooperate fully, were extremely unhappy with this, and after a long struggle established the right to not post bond. I was one of those people.

However, I feel that you misrepresented the situation when you wrote, "When 23 people had the gall to follow their own consciences the Alliance withdrew legal help. Isn't it instructive that a group which operates under the guise of a grassroots organization gives people the shaft when they exercise their own freedom of choice?"

In the first case, Palmetto did not withdraw legal help from us. We were to be represented by Bob Warren of Allendale until he, entirely on his own, withdrew two days before our trial. He did this because he was himself to stand trial for trespassing two days after us, the only one of

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REASON AND LEADERSHIP

JIM BARBER FOR

RICHLAND COUNTY COUNCIL

Political ad paid for by Barber for Council.

Cheap Shots

(Continued From Page 2)

vindictiveness. How many have "forgiven" him for dumping Bryan Dorn in 1974? Be assured that a lot of political people are holding his non-support for Dorn against him. One former candidate for the job he's seeking says he won't vote for Pug because the memory of the 1974 debacle is still fresh.

The point is not whether Stevenson will stomp back to Charleston and vote for Strom. The point is how much she and H. Smith will put out for Pug when they see big money from Ravenel associates in their opponent's coffers.

Truesdale thinks it won't matter. She thinks Stevenson and H. Smith are above letting a little thing like \$3,500 affect their backing for Pug.

Well, maybe. But don't count on it. Tom Smith has a long track record as a reformer, as an effective legislator and a

warm person. It's natural that he would attract support from people of the ilk who want to see Strom Thurmond put out to pasture.

But T. Smith's opponents don't care what a fine chap Tom is. They care about winning their race for Lt. Governor. And they will probably remember that Pug and the people who work for him didn't help a bit. And unless South Carolina politicians have matured a great deal in the last few years, it will affect how hard they work for Pug against Strom.

There is some justice

Amid consideration of weighty matters like educational funding, budget surpluses and off-duty police work, the State House was treated last week to a novel complaint by Rep. Theo

Mitchell, D-Greenville.

The victim of several bombings from pigeons around the Capitol, Mitchell had had enough. He brought to the floor a resolution calling for the removal of the unkind birds from outside the State House, and also brought a strange apparatus called a Garden Monster to the legislature's attention. The device, consisting of plastic strands atop a long pole, can be used to ward off unwanted birds, he said.

Well, we're sure it's a serious problem. As frequently as the General Assembly unloads upon the people of the state, though, there is a certain poetic justice in their being the victims of attack from above as well.

Mitchell's resolution notes that "the droppings create an unsightly and distasteful appearance." Observers of the legislature will say this description more aptly applies to what goes on inside the state house, than what the pigeons do outside.

Letters

(Continued From Page 6)

the 260 who posted bond to do so. 160 people had wanted to stand trial, but had had their bonds illegally estreated by the solicitor when only Bob had shown up at the hearing to set a date for the trial. It is normal procedure for only a representative to be present at such a hearing. It had been Palmetto's plan to use the threat of 160 individual trials to get a date for a mass trial late enough that they could assemble a team of expert witnesses to counter the effects of 30 years of government pro-nuclear propaganda.

With this in mind, Bob negotiated a deal whereby if we all pleaded **no contest**, we would get time served and he would get his trial delayed. We wouldn't go along with this. He couldn't understand why, and felt angry that we weren't to cooperate in order to the expert witness trial for him, and for these reasons didn't feel he could do a good job of representing us.

I don't deny that there was bad feeling between us and Palmetto. They worked very hard on this action, and strongly believed that not paying bond would jeopardize the movement. We appeared

on the scene and were as insistent on our greater wisdom as they were on theirs. Neither side communicated very well. We put them down for "weakening" the meaning and purity of civil disobedience, they considered that we were only interested in making a personal splash, without any concern for the consequences. Neither took much care to understand the other.

You concluded your article stating, "There's a word for this kind of organizing — and it ain't grassroots!" I disagree. Grassroots means ordinary folks, with all the virtues and vices the flesh is heir to. The squabbling and personal invective that has plagued the left for a hundred years is probably the biggest reason we haven't won a new society. But we are learning. I have talked with many Palmetto's since I got out of jail.

Three of their principal organizers attended a strategy session in Atlanta two weeks ago where most of us were present. Our differences were well discussed and many resolved. I am personally enthusiastic about the Barnwell action. It was superbly orchestrated, very effective and we all learned a lot. I look forward to future

Barnwell actions, and to working with the Palmetto alliance again.

Sincerely,
Tom Wanning

Movement for a
New Society
Philadelphia, Pa.

Wants a listing

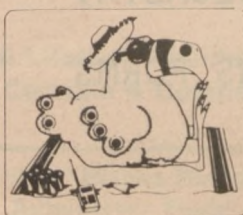
Dear Editor:

Since your paper is widely read, I would like to see all candidates for Governor (Harvey, Dorn, Riley) and Lt. Governor (H. Smith, Stevenson, T. Smith) list their staffs and salaries.

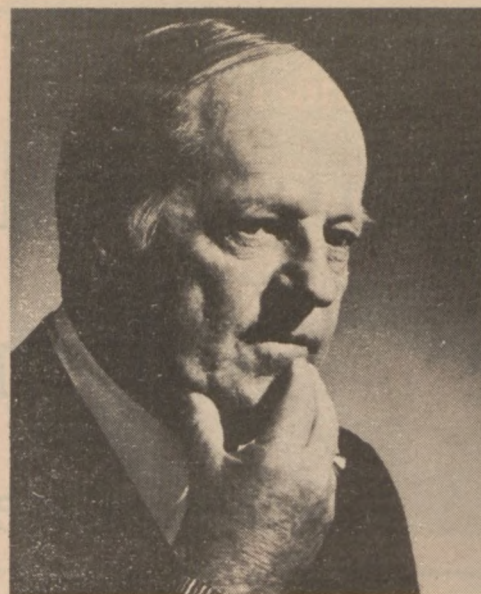
They could also list their non-paid staffers.

This is important, I think. Thank you.

Tim Quick
Bennettsville, S.C.



The summer blood donor is a rare bird. Be one.



Wm. Jennings Bryan

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JULY 15, 1978.



The demise of the average man

(Continued From Page 4)

nearly every inch of space on the camper to promote his candidacy. His citizens band "handle," Tom Cat, is painted it's side. There are a lot of CB buffs in the state, he says.

The unlikely decision to file for the Senate seat "took 15 months of study, research, traveling the state and talking to people," McElveen says. He came to the conclusion that Strom Thurmond could be beaten. "It's in no way a discredit to his service," McElveen says. "The basic feeling is that it's time for the guard to change."

Okay. While a lot of Republicans might disagree the Democrats can go along with that. But why Tom McElveen? The United States, he says, has given him a good life and a good family. "I think there is a duty and a responsibility to the government that has given this to me," he says. "I feel a sense of duty to make a contribution."

"If it requires some kind of genius, then I suspect I'm barking up the wrong tree, but I think some good sound practical knowledge and common sense coming from the grassroots would be good for our government."

The picture is beginning to emerge. McElveen, a farmer and teacher from Lynchburg, describes himself as "an ordinary, working family man." Like many South Carolians, he has done his share of worrying and complaining about the government. Unlike most, he decided to try to do something about it.

He asked the South Carolina Vocational Rehabilitation Dept. for leave of absence from

his job as a project supervisor. When it was denied, he resigned. Campaigning while he was receiving a salary from the state government would be "milking the taxpayers," he says.

Since he began the campaign, he has traveled 11,000 miles and visited 300 towns in all 46 counties in the state. He will be glad to show you a map with red circles marking every one of those 300 stops. "It's been real encouraging," he says. "I haven't had anyone be ugly to me."

But he has probably had to put up with a lot of smirking reporters and friendly but condescending politicians telling him it takes big money to win a Senate race. McElveen is determined not to let such advice faze him. "The office belongs to the people," he insists. "Why should you have to buy it from the people?" At the same time, he says there is nothing wrong with spending hundreds of thousands of dollars on a campaign — if the voters permit it.

Even though he won't spend that much money, he believes he has a chance to win. He does not think Pug Ravenel is invincible. "He came in four years ago as an opportunist and realized the political air of our state was that the people wanted a change. And he has this thing called charisma. I don't even know what charisma is."

"He was successful the first time around but I think the second attempt will be harder. It gives people more time to think and reason and they get away from the celebrity image and get down to what they think are the basic qualities of leadership: being able to sense the pulse of the people because the people make any system of government work," McElveen says.

He is glad to have the opportunity to take a few pot shots at Ravenel: "My opponent, Mr. Ravenel, has a solution to every problem," he says. "Why in the world didn't he save New York from bankruptcy since he lived there and was in the investment banking business. He's the prodigal son that came home not to ask forgiveness but to show us the way. That's meaning no disrespect."

McElveen means no disrespect. Not to Ravenel. Not to the people of South Carolina. Not even to a system which is making it increasingly difficult for "an ordinary

working family," the kind of man McElveen represents, to do what you're supposed to be able to do — put your name on a ballot and let the voters make their choice.

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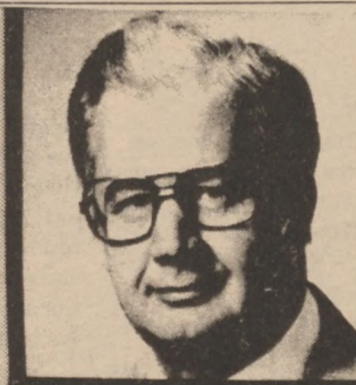
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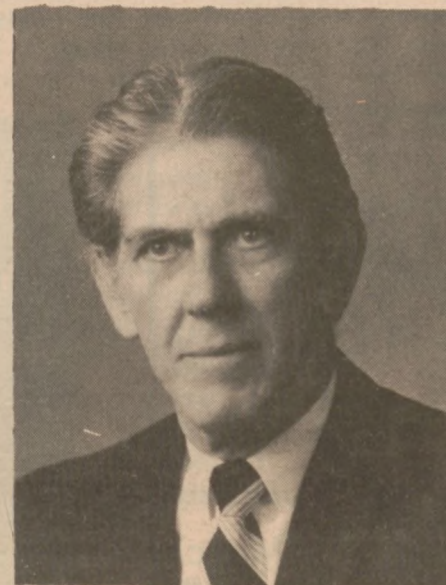
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(Continued From Page 4)

transportation. The gubernatorial race was more expensive but he can't remember the amount. "Now they're talking in figures I didn't deal with when I was running," he says. "People didn't have money like that."

The cost of political office is high in more ways than one. State Sen. Alex Sanders, a Richland County Democrat, says he didn't spend that

in a successful effort to be elected mayor. Dennis Bolt spent \$29,826 in the same race. Both candidates made extensive use of locally-produced television commercials. Finlay estimates half of the amount he spent was used for television.

The mayor, who has a well-established law practice, plans to spend every week day afternoon at city hall. Not every official, not even every

Planning Council, speaks to groups when asked and is involved in a variety of other government-related activities. She can do it, she says, because she doesn't have any other job and her children are in school. Even under those circumstances, it does become a problem for her sometimes.

Nick Zeigler, a Florence attorney whose political star waned after an unsuccessful try for governor in 1974, says it

does it would need a net worth of about \$100,000. This would eliminate all but about 2 per cent of the people in South Carolina. He also believes people in jobs where they come in contact with people with money, as well as people who make money, would have a better chance to raise enough funds for major races. Examples of these occupations are law, banking, insurance and real estate.

We seem to have reached a point where even people with good incomes, people who would normally consider themselves successful, find it nearly impossible to run for many offices. Is this a problem?

Some say no. "Government is a lot more than elective office," Graham says. He argues that ordinary government employees like social workers and policemen have a great deal to do with how government operates. He also points out that the majority of voters are middle class. If they felt expensive campaigns were wrong, they could "reform" campaign spending by electing people who don't spend large amounts of money.

There is also the argument that office holders without a lot of money feel too much of an obligation to the people who give them money, and therefore it is better to have rich candidates.

Finlay has no qualms about what his campaign cost. "I

think those people are getting more value for their dollar than any other way they could spend it," he says. He also thinks the ability to collect a hefty campaign fund may "indicate certain of the talents it takes to run a city."

On the other hand, Zeigler who was the Democratic nominee for the U.S. Senate in 1972, describes the cost of races as "the biggest scandal in our political system."

"All this business about how you're not beholden to people who contribute is a phony response," he says. It would be unnatural not to feel gratitude to the people who contribute to a campaign, he says. He knows politicians who go as far as to consult lists of contributors when they are asked for favors.

The expense of elections is "the greatest obstacle standing in the way of truly representative public interest government, Turnipseed says. Corporations and other big contributors "don't give you money because they like the way you look."

Kreml is concerned with the way the promotion of candidates is becoming similar to the promotion of products. Polling and advertising, commercial technics, are used to sell both. Merchandising is "a skill the United States is particularly good at and there is increasing evidence that the better the merchandising the more we

(Continued On Page 24)

"... the better the merchandising the more we should suspect the true value of the product."

Bill Kreml

much of his own money when he sought his party's nomination for lieutenant governor in 1974. "The horror of it, as far as I was personally concerned, was not working for eight months," he says. In addition to other expenses, his

lawyer, could afford to devote this much time to a \$12,000 a year part-time job, he admits. The conflict between personal responsibilities and public political work is "a conflict everyone faces."

Candy Waites, a member of

was hard to keep up with his practice when he was a state senator. Earning a living "almost became an intolerable burden," he says.

This burden, the conflict between public and private life, and perhaps more

"All this business about how you're not beholden to people who contribute is a phony response."

Nick Zeigler

law office has an overhead of \$1,000 a week "which has to be paid whether I'm working or not."

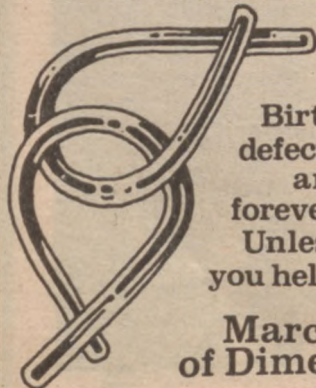
Even local political races are becoming very costly in time and money. In this year's Columbia city election, Kirkman Finlay spent \$43,157

the Richland County council, promised "full-time" service when she ran for office. To provide this she attends meetings of many other organizations which have dealings with the county, represents the council on the Central Midlands Regional

significantly, the costs of campaigns, does keep people from running for office.

Bill Kreml, another USC political science faculty member, estimates a person running for statewide office who wants to maintain a good standard of living while he

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Compiled by the S.C. League of Conservation Voters

They're Back!

Help break up the dirty dozen

The environmental movement is one of the few citizens efforts in South Carolina which is heavily involved with reforming the state legislature through the political process. The S.C. League of Conservation Voters, which functions as the campaign-related arm of conservationists, recognizes that only if voting records and other actions of elected officials are publicized and a large number of people are willing to base their decisions on the issues, will real progress be made in the legislature. Because few major environmental programs have been enacted in South Carolina, public resources such as the last undammed section of the magnificent Upper Savannah River valley may be lost or damaged for lack of effective stewardship. Agencies involved in protection of wildlife, controlling severe air and water pollution problems, and providing proper planning for parks and recreation are presently severely handicapped due to inadequate or badly aligned budgets and extreme political influence on their Commissions. And the public is ultimately responsible, through elections.

Traditionally, many of those elections are dominated by political machines and propelled by vast interests — like the contractors and power companies who want Trotters Shoals Dam built, the brewers who killed the Bottle Bill that would have cleaned up litter across the state, and the polluters of our water and our air.

All that the public interest candidates need is enough money and support from people concerned with our environment and the effort for reform in the legislature, to be able to wage their campaigns. Most of these candidates are unable to run expensive efforts like some of their opponents, but instead rely on having enough support to pay for a low-budget campaign to offer the voters a choice. They must at least be registered voters, and pay postage.

After months of study, the S.C. League of Conservation Voters has selected the following contests to work on this year.

We are most active in contests where there is a clear choice and a chance to influence close elections. We need your support.



A word from the S.C. League of Conservation Voters

Dick Riley's the man

The South Carolina League of Conservation Voters endorses Richard B. Riley in his quest for the governor's office. Dick Riley has demonstrated, through the years, a monumental capacity for rational leadership and an undaunted respect for our state's environmental heritage.

His ability to make judgements which account for the needs of economic growth in South Carolina, while supporting guidelines to ensure that growth will not impede the welfare of the environment we all depend on is apparant in the voting record he compiled during his long tenure in the Senate. (Mr. Riley is a former member of the Clean Dozen.)

A man well known for his integrity and progressive diplomacy, Dick Riley far outdistances any of his opponents in his grasp of the requirements for adequate and well-balanced leadership in this crucial stage of our state's development.

From every angle of the environmental spectrum, which fundamentally affects the quality of our lives, it is imperative that Richard Riley be our next governor.

Dick Riley: endorsed by the S.C. League of Conservation Voters

Richland County

RE-ELECT "CLEAN DOZEN" REP. BILL CAMPBELL. Bill Campbell has shown unique leadership in struggling for environmental causes in the House. For most of these issues, he was a leading author and spokesman, both in committee and on the debate floor. His careful preparation on each issue and effectiveness of his debates have made a great difference in the fate of environmental legislation this past session. Bill Campbell is the lead author of the tidelands and coastal zone management bill of this session, and a main author of the S.C. Bottle Bill, which would clean up roadside litter, result in consumer savings, reduce energy consumption and create jobs. Bill Campbell faces primary and general election contests and deserves a strong showing of support.

RE-ELECT "CLEAN DOZEN" REP. PARKER EVATT, REPUBLICAN, DISTRICT 71. Parker Evatt has a 100 percent voting record and has been a co-author and defender of strong tidelands legislation, supported action on the S.C. Bottle Bill, and worked to save Congaree Swamp.

RE-ELECT "CLEAN DOZEN" REP. JEAN TOAL, DEMOCRAT, DISTRICT 75. Jean Toal is a major state leader on urban environmental problems and has helped support Tidelands and Congaree Swamp legislation in debates. Four years ago she ousted "Dirty Dozen" incumbent Roger Kirk to gain the seat, and will face general election opposition.

Horry County

UNSEAT "DIRTY DOZEN" REP. CHARLES HODGES. Charles Hodges fought and seriously delayed measures to protect the state's tidelands, and has consistently opposed the Bottle Bill, which is a crucial issue by any national measure. Hodges remains the largest single obstacle to

protection of our environment through needed legislation in the S.C. House of Representatives. The S.C. League of Conservation voters urges District 104 voters to choose Thurmond W. McLamb in the June 13 primary, and rid the state of Hodges' persistent, irresponsible influence.

Lexington County

Unseat "Dirty Dozen" Rep. Larry Koon by voting for W. R. Watson in the District 87 primary June 13.

RE-ELECT "CLEAN DOZEN" REPRESENTATIVE NORMA RUSSELL, REPUBLICAN, TO DISTRICT 90. Norma Russell leads the Lexington delegation on voting for environmental efforts, and has given dedicated support to conservation measures in the legislature.

Marlboro-Darlington

RE-ELECT REPRESENTATIVE GARY BYRD TO DISTRICT 56 IN DEMOCRATIC PRIMARY. Gary Byrd's concern for the environment in his work in the Agriculture and Natural Resources Committee has shaped

for the better many major conservation measures. He has contributed to every important debate, including tidelands, the S.C. Bottle Bill, and Congaree, and has been a co-author of numerous environmental measures.

Spartanburg County

RE-ELECT "CLEAN DOZEN" REP. SAM MANNING, DEMOCRAT, DISTRICT 32. Manning led the S.C. Heritage Trust legislation, which protects natural and historic sites in South Carolina

through donations and purchase, and convinced so many of his colleagues to support the measure that there was virtually no debate in the S.C. House of Representatives on the issue. He has the best voting record in the House from Spartanburg County, and helped debate for Congaree Swamp legislation.

Laurens County

UNSEAT "DIRTY DOZEN" REP. EUGENE STODDARD BY VOTING FOR DON BABLE IN THE DISTRICT 16 PRIMARY.

WHAT IS THE S.C. LEAGUE OF CONSERVATION VOTERS DOING TO WIN ELECTIONS FOR THE ENVIRONMENT?

Besides researching the environmental voting chart and analyzing campaigns in the state, the S.C. LCV presents endorsements, advice for campaign organization, and volunteers to many election efforts where there are both clear choices and close contests, in which a little extra help may matter. We need your help also. The S.C. LCV is an entirely volunteer effort. All money received either goes directly to help in a crucial campaign, or to provide expanded distribution of the League's material. If you wish to be active in helping with our work, please contact us today, and please be sure to contribute financially whatever you are able, today. Money received by campaigns now may free candidates to spend more of their resources for late mailings in their primary efforts, to run ads, and to carry out their strategy for critical efforts in the November elections. Many candidates have been obliged to pay for their campaigns out of their own pockets. If you wish to get in touch directly with any of the League's endorsed candidates to help in their efforts, please contact us. Your support can make the difference.

Remember the primary June 13.

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Reviews & the Arts

Comedy or tragedy?

"Creve Coeur" lost in flippancy and indecision

by John Marion
Theatre Editor

Tennessee Williams' greatness as a playwright is his ability to shape his keen intelligence, fine poetic sensibility and personal pain into thoroughly human characters whose weakness, indecision and confusion of fantasy with reality render them endearing, undeniable members of the Race of Adam. If his work sometimes totters on the line that separates the meaningful from the mawkish, as with *The Glass Menagerie*, his poetic intelligence usually prevents the plunge. Fundamentally a poet, his images and symbols are sometimes bizarre and his lines often startling in their abrupt precision, though grace and delicacy are the basic qualities so characteristic of Williams.

The profound sense of the poetic makes him the most carefully symbolic of modern American playwrights. Such symbols, particularly animals, are taken from the everyday world and emphasize the fragility and helplessness of his characters.

A few are quite familiar—a cat on a hot tin roof that is afraid to jump off, an iguana, ludicrous in its ugliness and pathetic in its bondage, an exquisite glass unicorn robbed of its unique beauty by human carelessness. *Creve Coeur* presents two more creature symbols: a stuffed canary, and a pigeon which is "capable of flight, perched in a panorama of desolation."

Unfortunately, these symbols are as static as the stuffed bird and never really get off the ground, for the play is essentially a comedy, and though the lines, like fine poems, still ache to be spoken, the comic element belies them.

But Williams is unique among American playwrights for another reason only recently clarified for this reviewer by the Friday morning lecture at The Cistern; Williams is the most

remarkably feminine of modern stage writers and the quality is solid and unapologetic as well as curiously moving.

It is not his flagrant homosexuality, but a seriously cultivated and maintained feminine perception that is at the basis of his work. His real gift is that he understands women in terms other than male sexuality; he identifies with them and their struggles for personal growth and fulfillment within viciously unimaginative and repressive environments. He is in complete sympathy with the intelligent, passionate and sexual southern woman whose needs are not met, and regards the inevitable neurosis as tragic and obscene.

It is no accident that many who attended Williams' Friday morning lecture were middle-aged-to-elderly women whose bluish hair seemed the kind of symbol that Williams would seize. The difference between a fine glass unicorn with a shattered horn and a lady with blue hair is amazingly small. So he was charming to these adoring sisters, blowing kisses to them, chatting with them, and listening to them. And they loved him because he not only mirrored their frightening vulnerability, but also their essential strength and capacity to endure.

One has the feeling that his reading of his poem, "Old Men Go Mad at Night" was offered primarily to them. "There is no kingly howling of their rage, their grief, their fears...What's left is keeping hold of breath..."

It is not surprising that his newest play is about four women, or that it is reminiscent of *The Glass Menagerie*. The roles are reversed a bit, for the younger girl, Dorothea, more like Amanda than Laura, is caught up in the fantasy of the gentleman caller who never calls, and the matronly Bodey, similar to Laura in her basic sense of truth, tries desper-



Jan Miner as "Bodey" (right) and Charlotte Moore as "Helena" in "*Creve Coeur*," premiering at Spoleto.

photo by Peter Sanders

ately to guide her roommate into a less exciting but more substantial reality.

Dottie has no pets or glass collection, though Bodey has an equivalent to the broken unicorn, a canary which after having lived in a birdcage for fourteen years is now immortalized by the taxidermist. The setting also recalls the earlier classic; the action takes place in a low rent apartment in St. Louis in 1935.

The plot is simple. Dottie teaches civics at a high school the name of which sounds dreadfully close to "Blew It" (One hesitates to think that Williams would be so facile, but one certainly wonders by the end of the play). She is in love with her principal and expects a proposal. Bodey, however, has read of his engagement to someone else in the morning paper, which she has used to wrap the fried chicken she has prepared for their weekly picnic at *Creve Coeur*, a lakeside park (Again, one wonders about the symbolism and is tempted to suspect that Williams is indulging in his own personal joke. Is it really possible to believe in an amusement park named "*Creve Coeur*"?) Bodey realizes that Dottie's hopes are ill-founded and tries to coax her into marrying her brother, a dull, beer drinking, cigar smoking German who respects women so much he doesn't touch them.

The opening of the play establishes two attitudes that are never resolved or brought together. It not only introduces a familiar Williams' character, the basically passionate southern woman made neurotic by

frustrated love, an essentially "serious" situation, but it also begins as a comedy.

Creve Coeur is genuinely funny at first and one is immediately excited by the possibility of seeing a comedy by Tennessee Williams. Jan Miner, best known to the public as "Madge the Manicurist," does fine character work as the enduring but aging Bodey and creates a character that is as believable as comic. She is a standout in the role for which Geraldine Page was originally hired.

Shirley Knight, though prone to overplaying southern, particularly the accent, is nonetheless believable and amusing. Her exercises, notably the bust building, are hilarious, and she succeeds in presenting a character whose vulnerability and foolishness provoke sympathy as well as laughter. Knight and Miner work extremely well together, though it is a shame that the script never really develops their characters or their relationships.

(Continued On Page 24)

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Fiction

Sketch of a journey

by Daphne T. Wilson

She had been perched on a mountaintop in Hell with her silken gauze veils flapping about her essentially naked body contemplating the orgone shaped flecks of light in Hell for years, with the mists swirling up the black treeless valleys. She had been observing the smoking abyss forever at the crossroads between here and there.

She admired her pink opalescent toenails, rearranged her clairol blonde hair, shifted her seating arrangement, lined up the colored pencils that she used for her endless drawings and wondered, "Would she ever get out of Hell? When? How long? What did the green earth she could see off in the distance hold that was different from the asphalt-smelling smoke that eternally rose from the black rocks around her?" She dreamed of "cities," of men and of ladies that she had read about in the Library of Hell. Where she was, colorless shades wandered around alone or in bands. She was not of their kind. No one in Hell did things. Sometimes the shades would visit the green earth to stir up trouble in some of their old haunts, but none of them were involved in any constructive work.

She shook her blonde curls out down her back and smelled the damp wet mists rising with grey smog around her. She saw a black cloud like a man form in the sky overhead. The rock on which she was perched moved. Angel lay down so she would not feel the rock taking off. The rock was trembling as if it were part of the great Rockies shambling at the fault line to throw California into the sea.

Angel checked out her crayons and personal effects. She knew she was going somewhere—maybe to the library or the hairdresser. She fell asleep and didn't see the cities as she passed over them—Asheville, Knoxville, Kenosha, Des Moines. When she awoke, she was in a prairie—something she had never seen before. She took out her compass, charts, ephemeris and telescope and calculated she must be somewhere in the near vicinity of Las Vegas, if her charts and maps were correct.

She looked down at her gauze veils and decided she might be better off without them, though she had nothing else to put on. She had noticed in books that only women of ill-repute wore such outfits. She took off her veils, placed them in her knapsack and started in search of some boy scouts. There were chipmonks and tumbleweed in the early morning, and a dry heat was starting. She couldn't believe the animals—so strange—and the weird sand dunes and cacti. She took out her file and filed her nails into points as she walked along naked, hearing the unfamiliar whirring noise of buzzards miles away. Silent iguanas watched her from the tumbleweed. Finally there was a farmhouse down the road. She couldn't tell how far away the house was, but it took her an hour to reach it. She knocked and jumped down behind a yucca plant. A bony hand opened the door and a hard high voice said, "Who is it?"

"Some men tried to rape me. I need some clothes." She had read about these things in some of the more enjoyable literature she had run across in the library and thought it might be a good excuse for her nakedness, though she didn't think much about it herself. The old lady smiled, showing part of her teeth and let the Angel in. She got her a bathrobe and told her to sit down while she got her some tea. As she sat there she felt strange. There was something rattling about the

way the old lady's knick-knacks were arranged on corner shelves all over the room. She looked down at the seersucker robe Mrs. Tee had gotten her; she looked at the plastic flowers over the mantel and at the endless desert beyond the window. After twenty minutes, Mrs. Tee returned, gave Angel a cup of tea and disappeared again, saying she would find her a dress.

While Mrs. Tee was gone, two men rode up to the farmhouse on black horses. The sheriff was the taller with the redder beard and hair. His deputy was shorter with a sandy-red beard and hair. They were both stocky. They arrested Angel and put her on the extra horse that was tied ahead of the deputy's horse. As Angel rode along, she hated the first person she had met since she left the rock. She would have liked to murder her. She feared the feeling of hate that rose in her throat as she thought of the old lady's wizened body, the wrinkles, bones and mean murky eyes. She hated and feared her hatred. She thought maybe she should pray for the woman.

Angel arrived at the jail—a one-horse affair—where no woman had ever been locked up and they didn't have a place for her. "They ain't never been no woman in this jail before." The janitor said. "This ain't no place for a woman." The janitor led her up some creaky stairs to a large room with two unbarred windows and a large porcelain sink.

The janitor was as old and rickety as the stairs. "How close are we to Las Vegas?" Angel asked. "You going to Vegas? Heh, Heh, it's about forty miles up the road." At last Angel was getting somewhere—somewhere that she'd read about.

"I'm Ezekiel like the one in the Bible who went to Heaven in a fiery chariot," the old man informed her.

"I'm Angel—like the ones that will come from the seven corners of the earth when there is the Revelation."

The sheriff and his man had taken her bag downstairs. Angel was disconsolate without her crayons, charts and telescope, but she filled the sink with water and climbed into it, singing the *Carmina Burana* in Latin.

After four days, the sheriff couldn't find anything suspicious in her bag—only prairie grass, ginger root, a baby armadillo, some green gauze strips, books charts and maps, crayons, paper and a telescope and compass, so he discharged Angel. He had nothing to hold her on but dayglo painted fingernails and toenails cut into points. He removed the gold doubloons from her bag and kept them for himself.

The janitor gave her some scissors and she cut the bathrobe off to street-length. He had brought her some dresses from his cousin's trunk—the one who sang hymns and praised the Lord and who had been kicked in the head by a mule. The cousin was completely square from the shape of the dresses, like a well-stuffed pillow. Angel decided to stick with the bathrobe. It was seersucker, double-breasted. It tied at the waist and cut off, it could pass for a street dress. Ezekiel also took Angel's doubloons out of the sheriff's drawer and gave them back to her.

As Ezekiel fussed around making up the bed, Angel looked for the last time up through the belfry to the sky, for the last time out the unbarred windows to the cacti and dunes stretching whitely to the ever even undisturbed blue sky. She measured the distance from the sink to the corner to the window and back the other way, inhaled the smell of old wood from the floor-boards, measured the distance between each board with her eye, noted the dust balls in the cracks, and

turned to Ezekiel and led the way down the stairs, fingering the gauze veils in her bag.

She walked for hours until she came to the rock, lay down and waited. She knew it was Las Vegas. The rock began to shake as she lay down. Then she and the rock were lying beside an unpainted barn which advertised for cooks, cowpokes, and herders across the side of the barn in letters a foot high.

She walked toward the main street. It reminded her of pictures of the main streets in Isreal, with rows of stall-like buildings that sported roulette wheels, slot machines and pool tables, crammed in like so many unhappy pieces of merchandise in an Isreali merchant's stall. And that must be John the Baptist coming toward her in a ten-gallon hat.

She slipped onto a stool and ordered a hotdog and coffee, lit one of the sheriff's Benson and Hedges that Ezekiel had gotten for her and coughed. John sat two stools down. His blue eyes fixed on a gelatin oozing up and down in a glass tube, then shifted to the mirror where his blue gaze caught her blue gaze. She cleared her throat and took out her crayons and sketch pad and doodled while the waitress fixed the coffee and hotdog. John ordered a steak. She started to sketch him in the mirror.

"Are you an artist?" John asked. "No. I just doodle." Angel answered. They struck up a conversation about painting and Las Vegas. John asked her to go with him to some of the casinos and changed her order to a steak and fries. She sketched him—medium nose, strong jaw, even teeth and dark brown tanned skin.

After a while they shot some pool and then went to the casinos. The night came down suddenly, freezing the glorious monarch-butterfly-colors of the sunset in a quick rainbow before the sudden cool night. They passed through the moth-wing dusk to the big casinos where they played the tables. Angel got lucky on an eleven and John scored three winnings in a row. They sat down with their winnings and talked to strangers in diamond dresses and friends in ten-gallon hats. John drank whisky straight.

In the small hours they wandered to a small saloon where Angel took over the piano and began to play. She saw the lovers and ladies, dancers and card sharks of the past laughing and flirting in the saloon, the lace velvet, the sweat, gold, guns, dirt, leather and sorrows pass up and down the carpeted stairs. She played and saw bearded men playing poker and suspended bar-tenders serving drinks. The tables swirled. Couples went upstairs.

Tears were running down her cheeks. The music rose all around her and in her ears the music soared as she lay on the keys.

When John touched her she didn't move, but she knew he was there. John was a giant of a man and picked her up like a child and carried her out. She laughed to herself. He carried her to the rock where he was to meet her the next day to buy her a dress.

by Jill Abramson

The Governor's Race

Street money: who will use it?

(Continued From Page 5)

kind of black supporters who are not looking for any special favors."

Spokesmen for the Dorn campaign say there will be no "street money" emanating from their ranks either.

Unsubstantiated rumors abound to the effect the Harvey campaign is bleeding street money. A black man from Ward 30 in Columbia, David Williams, claims people in his neighborhood have been approached.

"We categorically reject that," says Harvey press secretary John Durst of his rivals' allegations. "I have no knowledge of it. They are using a traditional political ploy to say there is some financial motivation behind the support we've received. The other candidates wish they had the same broad-based support that we do."

Meanwhile, GOP candidate Ed Young predicts that black voters will participate in the Republican primary in far greater numbers because, "they're tired of being taken for granted. More black citizens tell me each day that they're fed up with being overlooked. They're tired of being considered political pawns in the Democratic Party's bag."

Gene Cantrell, Raymon Finch's campaign manager agrees. "The Democratic Party has exploited black voters and they are rebelling." Finch, Cantrell says, has established a good record of hiring blacks and says he expects the GOP to command 20-30 per cent of the black vote in the general election. Conservative columnist Earl Douglas, educator Julian Parrish and Columbia residents Art Jones and Larry Shannon are black leaders who are active in the Finch effort. On Saturday night, Finch hosted a "Let the People Speak" rally for black supporters in Atlantic Beach.

Despite GOP charges to the contrary, no candidate in the Democratic gubernatorial primary appears to be taking the black vote for granted. By June 13, candidates Harvey, Riley and Dorn will have been to enough church services in the black community to keep them holy for years to come. As Carey Hopkins put it, "In a low-keyed election like this

one, you don't take *any* for granted. Anything could happen."

With one week to go, the Republican race for governor is still highly unpredictable and impossible to call. The Finch and Young camps both report an unusually high undecided rate among voters. At least 45 percent of those who have previously voted in Republican primaries have not made up their minds. And they are the very people who will decide this election.

Young's campaign manager, Reynolds Williams, says his polling has demonstrated that so many voters "are undecided because they have not decided whether to vote in the Democratic or Republican primary remains a mystery. Williams expects a turnout of 30,000 voters. While most GOP

observers put the figure at 25,000. Williams reports that Young is running "substantially ahead" of Finch among the decided voters and that he is running especially strong in his native 6th District, in Spartanburg, in Greenville and in the Lexington-Aiken area.

The figures touted by Finch strategist Gene Cantrell conflict with the rosy picture painted by the Young campaign. From a poll supposedly received by the campaign on June 3, Cantrell reports that among the 55 percent of voters who have made up their minds, Finch and Young are "dead even." From previous polls, Cantrell says that Finch is running extremely well in Charleston (where he recently picked up important endorsements from Mayor John Bourne of North Charleston and the Chairman

of the Charleston GOP) and in Richland. He says these strengths will more than offset Young's popularity in his home district and in Greenville, areas where the Finch camp is counting on "an extremely light turnout."

Despite the confidence evidenced by both camps, most GOP strategists agree that the whole ball game will be decided this week when the undecided voters start to break. With the ability to outspend his opponent 3 - 1, Finch is relying on a heavy television buy, massive direct mail and highly organized telephone banks to reach the undecideds and impress them favorably. On a lesser scale, Young too will be relying on phone banks, mail and television.

Williams says he is not overly worried about being

outspent in the campaign. "because we feel we have by far the stronger candidate." Young's campaign chest was reported at less than \$60,000 with the candidate loaning his campaign \$20,000.

Cantrell says that the fact that Finch has been able to rise 32 points in the polls to pull even with the well known and popular Young "shows that the momentum is clearly with Finch." He is relying on that momentum, combined with strong showings in Charleston and Richland, to pull his man over the top.

Throughout the GOP campaign, Finch and Young have been fighting each other for the biggest piece of Governor Edward's coattails. So far, that coat has been ripped down the middle, but on Tuesday the legitimate heir to the Governor's fortunes will finally emerge.

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Sports

The Soccer Scene

Walt's just a good ole' boy

by Don Belt

Out at the Fairgrounds for Super Soccer Saturday, addressing the assembled parents and soccer players of Columbia, U.S. World Cup and Olympic Coach Walt Chyzowych came across as a casual public speaker. He jolted the crowd with a few "boondock" jokes about Columbia, won them over by praising the YMCA's approach to youth soccer, then stepped neatly out of the spotlight by putting some selected local players through USSF drills for the crowd.

Out at the USC field Saturday afternoon, playing in a pickup game, Walt Chyzowych proved to be one *very good* soccer player — a little overweight, perhaps losing some speed at 39, but compensating with his incredible ability to "read" the game and direct and support his teammates. On a field with 21 players who were trying hard to impress him, Walter *controlled* the game, was rarely out of position and turned the tables by impressing the hell out of us.

Out on the town with his national coaching staff, Chyzowych is just plain "Walt." One of the boys, going incognito to another bar in another strange town, Chyzowych seems almost shy, perhaps a little restless and uncomfortable at the center of attention, the queen bee surrounded by attendants, and at being looked after ("Whaddya think, Walter, wanna stay here or go?") His must be a weary travelling life, constantly on the road.

And yet, in Bates House cafeteria over supper, mid-week of the season's first national coaching school, I found Chyzowych surprisingly easy to talk to. The subject, of course, was soccer, and Walter's words seemed to flow and tumble out in long streams of knowledge and theories and international examples. The associations come quickly for a man who admittedly spends "most of my time watching soccer games, watching game films and studying players and coaches."

But it's his enthusiasm for the game that overwhelms you. "I think soccer, once you get involved in it, gets in your blood," he said. "It's like a

religion." And goes deeper than his experiences as a player or a coach. I suspect that Walt Chyzowych is, basically and most of all, a soccer nut like you or me.

What's your honest opinion of the young talent you've seen here?

"It's really **not bad**. I was surprised because I certainly didn't expect to find this kind of development here, in a city this size. There's more participation in places like Tampa, for example — 15,000 kids — but I'm impressed with the sophistication your youth players show. They've been well-coached and they're definitely on the right track. I've seen a lot of talent and potential.

What are you looking for in a player at the national level?

First, and perhaps most important, we're looking for good athletes — exceptional athletes. Second, we're looking for a *total* player — one who can play any position on the field equally well, with the exception of goalkeeper. Our forwards have to play defense as well as our backs, and vice versa. And finally, we're looking for kids with the mental toughness to beat anybody.

How can someone become a "total" soccer player?

By playing constantly. One on one, two on two, three on three — whatever and wherever. Small games are perfect for total development. Also, experiment with different positions, don't get locked into one spot or one side of the field. Play everything. As I said, defenders must be able to score; attackers must defend and tackle well. The "total" player is comfortable and competent anywhere on the field.

What is the "mental toughness" you mentioned?

In sophisticated soccer, technical ability is roughly the same. Then it falls to the player who can out-think, out-will the player who lines up against him. Intelligence. Arrogance. Confidence. The '74 World Cup Final is an example of what I'm talking about: the Dutch played with incredible arrogance and daring, but the West Germans rose above it because their confidence was untouched — even when

Holland scored in the first minute of play. It's a mental game, a contest of wills.

Speaking of West Germany, our local ETV station recently started carrying Soccer: Made in Germany. What should we be watching for?

First, watch for the *speed* with which they play — their ability to execute the skills of the game at full-speed pace, under pressure. Next, notice the *accuracy* and consistency of those skills: the passes, the shots, the tackles, the traps. And finally, young players should find stars to *identify* with, to imitate. I always had a hero when I was learning to play. I watched him carefully and imitated him, tried to learn every move he made. Young players need this dream — this identification — to become better, to become stars themselves."

Well, Columbia, S.C., isn't exactly on the World Cup hotline, but the results do come trickling in, sometimes a little sketchy, from the tournament currently being held in Argentina (the most important sporting event in the world besides the Olympics). These are the standings through Saturday, June 3:

Group 1

Italy 2
Argentina 2
Hungary 0

Group 2

France 0
Tunisia 2
W. Germany 1

Group 3

Poland 1
Mexico 0
Austria 2

Group 4

Brazil 1
Sweden 1
Spain 0
Holland 2

Group 5

Peru 2

Scotland 0

Iran 0

Events

Saturday, June 11: Soccer: *Made in Germany* (Schalke 04 v. Hamburg) 9 A.M., SCETV, Ch. 35.

In a nutshell!



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6/8

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36 - 40 words	3.51	6.10	8.86	11.23	13.86	16.42
41 - 45 words	3.95	6.88	9.96	12.64	15.62	18.47
46 - 50 words	4.39	7.65	11.07	14.04	17.82	20.57
51 - 55 words	4.82	8.59	12.15	15.44	19.04	22.57
56 - 60 words	5.27	9.16	13.26	16.85	20.79	24.62
61 - 65 words	5.71	9.94	14.39	18.25	22.55	26.73
66 - 70 words	6.15	10.69	15.50	19.66	24.30	28.78
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Comedy or tragedy?

(Continued From Page 15)

The comic mode, however, is not clarified or developed as the play progresses. Williams soon reverts to his old self, writing occasionally quite moving poetic lines and creating symbols which define situations and emotions that are anything but comic. The result is a play which is neither comic nor serious, but plain silly. If one can imagine Amanda suffering from an acute attack of diarrhea as soon as the gentleman caller enters and later being trapped in the bathroom when the lights go out, and if one can picture the kind of embarrassment such a situation would cause Laura and Tom, and if one can also visualize the resulting havoc and running around, then one can form a pretty accurate notion of what the Friday night preview of *Creve Coeur* was like.

Miss Gluck, a German lady who lives upstairs, still grieving over her mother's death, seeks solace from her friend Bodey. She habitually arrives in the morning for coffee and doughnuts and habitually get diarrhea as a result. When Helena, an art history teacher at "Blew It" arrives, she is appalled by Bodey, the decor, and the grieving Gluck. She is everything that Dottie is not, cool, pretentious, totally contemptuous of anything that smacks of bad taste.

Dottie, horrified at being discovered exercising in her slip by such an intimidating creature, stalls for time. When she finally pulls herself together, Gluck rushes into the bathroom and Bodey, to the embarrassment of Dottie and the audience, screams to the old lady to turn on the water faucets to drown out the unpleasant sounds. The taps are opened full force and soon steam and water flow from under the door. Bodey runs back and forth with the mop, Dottie wrings her hands, and Helena fans and pats herself nervously on the chest.

The scene is hard to take. In the opinion of this reviewer, Gluck serves no real purpose in the play. She is a feeble-minded old lady who has diarrhea. Big deal. She is, at least in the Friday night version, an essentially minor character who is given too much time on stage for too little reason.

There are also problems with Helena. At present, she is merely a stereotype of bitchy fastidiousness and pseudo-sophistication and is so devoid of human qualities that

nobody believes her. Although her ostensible motivation is to collect money from Dottie to make a payment on an expensive apartment, her primary emotion is revulsion for everything in the apartment—the colors, the furniture, the canary, Bodey, Gluck and even for Dottie herself.

From the moment Helena enters, all truth is lost, because her urge to leave is much more intense than her reason for remaining.

Charlotte Moore does not succeed in overcoming the stereotyped character. Although she replaced Ruth Ford only about two weeks prior to opening and is handicapped by an incom-

pletely drawn character, it is still a pity that she could not find at least one moment of truth and use her skill as an actress to play something other than the obvious.

One could say that the play perhaps ends on the appropriate note, or that everything works out in the end, but that is for future audiences to decide. At any rate, the ending is simply unbelievable. After Dottie has discovered the truth and Bodey has gone with her brother to the picnic and Helena has left by herself in a flap, she decides to start over, to continue living, and to join her roommate at *Creve Coeur*. But Gluck begins to whine about being left alone, and

Dottie, with a cruel intelligence and sense of irony quite beyond her previously defined capacities, pours the old lady a cup of coffee and leaves. The lights fade, and Gluck, now alone, begins to sip and one understands quite clearly to what end.

What one does not understand, even after considerable thought and deference to America's greatest living playwright, is to what purpose. Is Williams having his own private joke? Is he having an enormous laugh, one that he has certainly earned, at the expense of critics, eager graduate students, hangers-on, et cetera?

It isn't that Gluck does not

deserve her fate, but why end a play on the can? Whatever does it *signify*? Is Williams adding a new animal symbol, the dung beetle, to his *Menagerie*?

Who can say? The gossip is that revisions and changes are being made for Monday night's official opening but the extent is not known. One thing is certain, that in spite of the play's humor and flashes of the Old Williams poetry, it is a good thing that the show opened in Charleston and not New York.

Creve Coeur will play (one hesitates to say "run") June 1-5, 7, 10 at 8:30 p.m. and on June 6-8, 9, 11 at 3:30.

Pay your money and take your chances

(Continued From Page 10)

should suspect the true value of the product," he says.

There seems to be little hope the trend toward increasingly expensive campaigns can be reversed. Solutions have been offered. Zeigler would like to see spending limited to \$1 for each registered voter and a limit on the amount of radio

and television time which can be purchased. An "easy" solution would be to provide free radio and television time to all serious candidates, Kreml says. Turnipseed thinks public financing of campaigns might be a solution. Less wealthy candidates would find it easier to run if more people gave more small contributions to

campaigns, Sanders says. He favors a limit on expenditures but he isn't sure it would be constitutional.

Until the day some tough reforms are set, candidates, even those who would prefer not to do so, will continue to be forced to go to wealthy individuals and wealthy

groups to get the money they

need to win elections. As long as this is true, the interests of the rich and of special interest groups will probably receive higher priority than those of "ordinary" citizens. And people who would like to serve and could do a good job, but don't know lots of people with money, will be shut out.

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